

Part One

Savoring Our Life

品味人生

Man wanted a home, a place of warmth, or comfort, first of physical warmth, then the warmth of the affection.

—Henry David Thoreau

Be yourself; no base imitator of another, but your best self. There is something which you can do better than another. Listen to the inward voice and bravely obey that. Do the things at which you are great, not what you were never made for.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

The end comes when we no longer talk with ourselves. It is the end of genuine thinking and the beginning of the final loneliness.

—Eric Hoffer

Country Roads, Let Me Go...

蒋理可

法学院

*“Country roads, take me home,
to the place I belong
west Virginia, mountain mama
take me home, country roads.”*

...

When the train slowly rolled out of the station, John Denver's magnetic soft voice started sounding in my ears. I knew I had to go, but still I became a little bit sad. This made me feel confused. I was excited when I knew that I could go to college in another city, for that meant I had a chance to enjoy independence. However, when the day eventually came, I felt reluctant to leave my home city, where I have lived for about 17 years. My heart was soaked in a kind of bitter and sour liquid.

A string of pictures began to show in my mind: white clouds floating on the gray sky curtain, winding lanes in the bushes of hills, the scarlet sunrise, and slab stones with slippery green moss. I could even clearly see myself caressing the wild flowers, lying on the soft grass, bathing in the spring sunlight and listening to the chirps of cuckoos, sparrows and turtledoves.

The sunshine got brighter on my way to Wuhan, a city so strange to me that I became even more uneasy and bewildered. How

to deal with those new things and new people. . .

Everything here was indeed unfamiliar, no one to take care of me, but I myself. I, instead of my mother, have to make my bed; I have to take the initiative to get acquainted with my roommates so that I need not to be alone to have my lunch and supper; I have to wash my clothes with my little soft hands; I have to. . . .

In that period of time, John Denver's "Country Road" could always strike the common cord in my nostalgic heart. When I was obsessed with homesickness, I would resort to the song to relieve the pain.

I thought I could pour out all my complaints to my Mom when she called me. However, when, on the first weekend, Mom rang me, I bottled up my emotion and said nothing. I did not know why. Mom always knows my mind, I suppose. My silence had told her everything. Although she could not see me I was sure she knew my eyes were wet. "If you want to come home," she said gently, "then come back. It's all up to you." She stopped for a while. "I always believe my daughter can make decisions by herself. Starting from scratch is always tough, but I trust you." Hearing Mom's words I could not choke back my tears any longer. They rolled down my cheeks silently.

Homesickness, which I had never thought I would suffer from, did come to me unexpectedly. As a matter of fact, I was not as independent as I thought then. Maybe I was still a child, aspiring for protection and concern. Whenever I encountered something confusing or depressing, I wanted to escape, always. I wanted a country road to take me home. But at that moment, I was enlightened why people made roads—to go out, to explore and to know the new

world.

I did not go home at last. I thought my life drive and energy should run forward rather than backward.

Bertrand A. W. Russell once stated in his “How to Grow Old”: *an individual human existence can be compared to a river—small at first, narrowly contained within its banks, and rushing passionately past rocks and over waterfalls. Gradually the river grows wider, the banks recede, the waters flow more quietly, and in the end, without any visible break, they become merged in the sea, and painlessly lose their individual being.*

Maybe I am now a small brook knowing that I am running toward my destination—a sea or an ocean. To have enough energy to reach the goal, I must acquire knowledge to equip myself with the necessary strength. Still, weak as I am, I am afraid of the obstacles and hard rocks ahead, which I cannot shun. But also like the thorn bird seeking the thorn tree, I am seeking my own course. It may be painful to grow up, but I want to say:

Country roads, let me go,

To the place I can find myself. . .



乡愁和成长的烦恼是这篇散文体现的主题。抒情的笔调讲述了一位 17 岁少女负笈求学而初次离家的惆怅和困惑。随着火车的隆隆声，驶出了故乡的山山水水、青石斜阳、鸟语花香……留下的只是点点滴滴、真真切切的记忆和不安。未来的生活都是未知而新鲜的，一切又似乎都是无奈和迷惘的，离家初尝独立和自由的乐趣又难免独自面对生活的烦恼和艰辛。成长就像品尝一盒巧克

力，谁也不知道下一颗是甜的还是苦的；然而成长却是不可逆转的，就像一条奔涌的河流，总要离开源头，寻找自己的方向，最后拥抱大海……

文章采用倒叙的手法将整个心路历程娓娓道来，一一呈现。同时，作者借用了美国著名乡村歌手约翰·丹佛广为传唱的歌曲《乡村路带我回家》为线索，贯穿着整篇文章的起承转合和情感的起伏跌宕。尤其到文章结尾，作者抛开一味的乡愁思绪，出其不意地掉转话锋，颇悟到“路，不仅仅是为了带人回家，更主要的是让人离家去探索，去开拓，去了解未知的世界，”的成长哲理。

蒋理可的这篇文章文笔流畅，清新自然，感情真挚，细节描写恰到好处。从对故乡追忆的描写，到母亲打来第一次电话时心理起伏的刻画都张弛有度、细致入微。文章在结尾部分引用 Bertrand A. W. Russell 的名言，意在以河流借喻人生，更是点睛之笔。

A River of Life

—Reflections on the Movie *A River Runs Through It*

王 彪

新闻学院

The first time I saw the movie *A River Runs Through It*, I was captivated by the majesty of the Montana wilderness and the strong bond of the American family. The movie was adapted from Norman Mclean's masterpiece, his famous memoir. But by looking deeper into the film, I can read far more meanings than that. I find the subtle affections and the philosophy of life are conveyed through the metaphor of the river.

"River" has long been used as a symbol of life. For example, in the essay "How to Grow Old" from his *Portraits from Memoir*, Bertrand Russell compares a river to an individual human existence; the current and course of a running river represent the different stages of a human being's life, say, from youth, passing through middle age to one's late years. But the river in the movie, in my view, bears far more meanings; for example, one's course of life, the social tide, the tacit communications flowing between souls, and the eulogy of life itself.

An individual's life is like a drop of water. It can either choose to take the course of the tide of society or to run in its own course, in which case, cannot last long, let alone run against the social tide

or force the torrent of the rolling tide to follow its track. Water may be very brilliant, shining and radiant one looks at one drop, while invisible and unidentifiable when merged into a river. Maybe Norman Mclean himself knows the inherent contradiction between an individual's splendid but transient life and the long but mediocre or conformist life. But he extends his praise to the former, which is embodied particularly in his brother's unruly, wild-hearted, art prone life but premature death.

Both brothers, Norman and Paul, are rebellious in nature, which may be partly attributed to their hometown's natural environment: Montana's primitive forest, grand mountains and torrential streams. As teenagers, they dare to challenge the turbulent river with a rented boat, which stunned their peers and shocked their parents.

Paul's nonconformist character is also demonstrated in his special way of fishing. Not willing to obey his father's stern instruction on fishing, Paul develops his own style into a unique art, rather than a means of catching fish. The elder brother Norman notices that and appreciates his brother's artistic talent. The brothers' mutual attachment is solidified more and more through the hometown river and their fishing activity together.

When the brothers have grown up and come to the age to choose their own life course, Norman goes to pursue his academic study at Chicago University majoring in Literature, which affords him a good and appropriate channel for his rebellion. Not so fortunate, his younger brother Paul, owing to his keen affection for his hometown setting, chooses to stay in Montana but cannot release his life force in a socially acceptable fashion. He maintains his unre-

strained and carefree character. Paul rebels against the contemporary social restrictions on Indian people and falls in love with an Indian girl, and even descends a slippery path of self-destruction by gambling and fighting.

The two brothers' life rivers run in different directions, one is safe, peaceful and prolonged by getting more and more merged into the mainstream of society, while the other, rushing in its own course, is furious, unstable and transient. But deep in the bottom of both hearts, there is music of soul running through. That is the eulogy of life.

This movie seems to suggest that all forms of lifestyles are worth our respect. The value of life itself should not be measured with social standards, such as one's possessions, wealth, prestige, or life span. In terms of natural life existence, each individual life is brilliant, splendid and worth our heartfelt appreciation.

点评

这是王旒同学对电影《大河恋》(又名《一条流过岁月的河》)的一篇观后感。该影片是根据美国著名作家 Norman Mclean 的自传体小说改编拍摄的,讲述了两个出生于牧师家庭的兄弟截然不同的命运和他们兄弟情深的动人故事。两兄弟情义深厚,生性叛逆勇猛,自小他们那慈爱而严厉的父亲就常常带他们去蒙大拿湍急的河流钓鱼。于是钓鱼成了他们贴近大自然,沟通心灵的一种方式。长大后,哥哥去了芝加哥大学攻读文学专业,找到了自己感兴趣的专业,也幸运地找到了释放他叛逆个性的渠道,最终成为了大学教授。弟弟因眷恋故土,便留在蒙大拿州立大学学习新闻专业。从小厌恶墨守成规又极具艺术禀赋的弟弟,自由不羁的个性与周

遭的环境格格不入，常与镇上的人赌博，甚至大打出手。但是这些都不能成为有效地宣泄他叛逆个性的方式，最终年轻的生命悲剧性地毁灭于一场斗殴。弟弟的生命虽然短暂却饱含生命的汁液，影片中出现他在钓鱼时别出心裁抛出的弧线，定格在性格比较沉静的哥哥眼中的是一种与大河交融的情景画面。这部带有浓浓乡愁的影片是对家庭亲情、兄弟情义的缅怀和赞美，也是对每一个生命美丽存在的礼赞。

王旋同学的这篇影评视角独特，聚焦于河流的意象解读，即象征着生活的历程，社会的潮流，心灵的默契沟通和对生命的讴歌。尤其是把弟弟保罗的生命比做一滴璀璨晶莹的水滴，不屈从主流，只追求短暂但绚烂的人生。随波逐流的人，尽管可以延长寿命却只能是滚滚大潮中默默无闻的一分子。影评深刻地揭示了这部影片的人文内涵，即我们不应以社会的标准和规范来衡量每一个生命的价值，每一个个体的生命都应值得我们尊重。

该影评思想深刻，思路清晰，语言流畅，不失为一篇优秀的大学生习作。

Heartbeat

贺 草

电信工程学院

Walking through the bustling crowd every day, I find myself a stranger. I wonder if life should always be like this: People have to spend their everyday time like a pendulum. We are mediocre, ordinary human beings. We lead a mechanical life day in and day out. Sometimes, I make an attempt to stir a few whirlpools in the stagnant routine of life, but this only makes me feel even more bored.

Every day after my class hours, I walk out of the university gate, and then get across the road through that overpass, watching the cars and buses whistling by below. In front of the Asian Trading Plaza, I take the bus home. All things are the same as yesterday, today, tomorrow and then the days after tomorrow... the same street scenes, the same pedestrians hustling and bustling around me, the same dusty air... Yes, I cannot expect anything unusual to happen to me another day. The only sense left is numbness and I turn into a walking skeleton. My soul wanders to some places, but my body is walking among the crowd.

What can I say about my life? Complaining is pointless. Life should go on. To kill my spare time I can watch TV or play PC games or laugh at some funny things. But I cannot feel any bit of happiness.

Occasionally I feel I am confined like the Case or in *Ward 6**, but in fact I am not. I gradually realize what life is: it is an infinite chain of concentric circles. Both the inside and the outside are locked up by circumferences. We take an arduous journey aiming to leave the inside hoping to get out of a circle. But when we transcend one circle, another one is awaiting us. Then this game will go on and on till the last day of our life. The only temptation is the transient cheerful moment when we surpass one circle. We should be aware that there would never be permanent happiness in life.

Thus, my everyday time slips away along with my boring hoaxes and ribald jokes at school. My buddies burst into laughter, but I tell myself they are worthless. After school, I then pick up my bag and go home as the day before. My heart is obsessed with a sense of hollowness. I cannot find a place to rest my soul. I have no faith.

What is the point of this futile curse? If I could devote myself heart and soul to my schooling, maybe I would gain real happiness.

The No. 1 bus staggers along the route to carry me home. The strong and hot smell of barbecue, combined with rock or pop music penetrating into the windows of the bus, only annoys me. My eyes seek and trace pretty cars and girls through the windows, getting sparkled from time to time, but no impression is left in my mind.

I turn to see horror films or go through the whole volumes of *The Tragedy of Shakespeare* in an hour or listen to music in bed until I fall asleep. My numb heart begins to fall. I am looking but not

* *The Man in a Case* and *Ward 6* are the two famous novels written by Russian writer Cheknov.

seeing, listening but not hearing. The senseless heart is still beating. The blood inside lashes the shrivelled crust of the vessels. It makes me confused, disturbed, agitated, constrained, impetuous, and indignant. . .

May it never stop!

点评

贺草的这篇《心跳》细腻地刻画出大学生内心的躁动和对一成不变的生活的焦躁无奈。文章以意识流叙述，道出了青春肆意旺盛的生命力和朝气蓬勃的激情在死水无澜、日复一日的生活流逝时所感受到的焦虑和空虚。上课、闲来与同学打打趣、开开心，然后走出校门，乘车回家，一路上是一如既往熙熙攘攘的人群、车水马龙的街景，空气中弥漫着烧烤食品刺鼻的焦味和摇滚乐震耳欲聋的喧嚣……生命的能量无从宣泄，奔腾的血液宛如岩浆封锁于地壳，流淌于枯槁的血管，灵魂无所依托，身体便如行尸，生命显得苍白、无意义。尽管有诗云“少年不知愁滋味，为赋新词强说愁”，但贺草的这篇散文却能让读者真切地感受到青春的烦恼和不安以及无力改变现状的失望无奈的心情。

文中采用了大量形象的比喻，如“everyday time is like a pendulum”，“I turn into a walking skeleton”，“life is a chain of concentric circle”，“the blood inside lashes the shriveled crust of the vessels”，等等将空虚茫然的情绪表现得具体逼真。整篇文章在情绪的流淌和真实生动的细节描写中将读者融入作者情绪的潜流之中。

If You Are Male...

贺 草

电信工程学院

Note: This essay was written for the writing section of 2001's final exam, on which we were required to write an essay after reading the passage "Why I Want a Wife" written by Judy Syfers. I wrote this composition only to entertain readers. Maybe you can find your own images in it, if you are, unfortunately, male. But don't blame me or refuse me as a friend or even throw tomatoes or eggs at me if you are a proud girl. I would seek your pardon.

It is certain that people will feel sympathy for women and their misfortune after reading "Why I Want a Wife" by Judy Syfers. Yes, I have no doubt what she said is true (I am not a sociologist, after all). But mind you, it only applies to the circumstance in 1970's. The situation dramatically changed thereafter.

If you are a boy in the middle school, you will understand what I mean. As a boy, you must show your gentility to all the girls around you. You have to tolerate their moody tempers and satisfy their various demands. You must get used to the requests such as "David, I don't want to move a finger now. Would you mind bringing me the lunch?" Or "Herb, your book is wonderful. I would be extremely delighted if you could give it to me." Or "Steven, you've promised to treat me to a meal in Pizza Hut!" (Steven: "What? I

never said that?") "Ok, Ok, then just in MacDonald's. What about this afternoon?" You should be gentlemanlike and generous. Otherwise, the girls will label you as part of the mean and unattractive group. If you happen to have a spat with a girl, everyone will stand behind her, especially the teachers. If a girl misbehaves and you have been involved, the teachers will surely punish her less severely.

If you are a young man, you will understand what I am talking about. You have to try every effort to please girls if you want a girlfriend. You must satisfy all your girlfriend's needs and spend all your pocket money on her. Just listen to Michael Bolton's song "When a Man Loves a Woman": *when a man loves a woman, he spends his very last dime trying to hold on to what she needs. He'd give up all his comforts and sleep out in the rain, if she said that is the way it ought to be.* You have to invite a girl to a café, buy her all kinds of gifts, and present her flowers from time to time. If she offends you, you should restrain your temper and try your best to tolerate her words and behavior. But if you offend her unintentionally, you must apologize a thousand times and beg her forgiveness. You have to speculate on her mind to avoid irritating her. And you are supposed to remember all the time any trifles she mentions. If she is sick, you must stay by her bed. If she is late for a date, you have to wait (especially in the rain) until she turns up in order to prove your love for her and to show your romantic temperament. She could describe you as ugly though you are handsome; you must praise her for her beauty when she is actually plain. If she is far away in Shanghai and she happens to be unhappy, you must even rush there by train without any hesitation so as to comfort her.

If you may choose, will you be a boy or a girl? The relationship between GG and MM is described as an endless war: boys are the soldiers who give up everything to fight but never win. Why do I want a girlfriend? Nowadays, it is a truth universally acknowledged, that a young guy must be in want of a girlfriend. He should accept the fact that he will be second to her always.

点评

这篇文章语气调侃而幽默，侃侃而谈的话题是在男权中心江河日下的时代，新新人类中男性的一声叹息——无奈、尴尬与悲哀。女孩成了高傲的公主，男孩却只能忍气吞声；女人成了高贵的女王，男人则只得小心伺候，任劳任怨。

作者的细节编排夸张风趣，例如，女孩可以对男孩颐指气使“David, I don't want to move a finger now. Would you mind bringing me the lunch? Or “Herb, your book is wonderful. I would be extremely delighted if you could give it to me.” Or “Steven, you've promised to treat me to a meal in Pizza Hut!” (Steven: “What? I never said that?”) “Ok, Ok, then just in MacDonald's. What about this afternoon?”, 而男孩只得言听计从。男人要追求女朋友就更得不遗余力、鞍前马后、惟恐不周。她要是一时心情不爽，你还得马不停蹄，日夜兼程，奔赴遥远的城市去讨她欢心。

文章想像力丰富、文笔细腻、乖张幽默、令人捧腹，特别是结尾套用英国女作家 Jane Austin 在她的著名小说《傲慢与偏见》里开篇的那句名言 *It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.* 更是妙笔生花，令人忍俊不禁。

My Favorite Pastime

周 翔

生命科学学院

I enjoy lots of activities in my leisure time such as swimming, playing ball games, and listening to music, but my favorite pastime is having a walk after dinner to completely relax myself and have a lot of fun.

This habit was formed when I was beginning to remember things. My grandpa would take me out after supper every evening. Those were really happy days to me. Time seemed to be endless and never move on when Grandpa let me sit comfortably on his shoulders and wandered through those streets and lanes, playing tricks and telling stories. Actually, I was not walking myself, but just “sitting” everywhere. I used to chew gum and feel grandpa’s baldhead, which always made him laugh loudly. It is a pity that nothing favorable in this world is permanent. I had to leave my grandpa and attend primary school. That was the first and the most carefree period of time in my memory.

The next person to accompany me for my daily walk is Dad. When I was a little older, but still a child, I used to walk with Dad around our house after supper. In those days, there was a little hill and a pond nearby where wild grass bred various kinds of insects, which would jump onto my feet when we were walking through those paths. My screams and panics made Dad laugh loudly, very